

Good Morning 434

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HAPPY DAZE!

"I'll say so!" avers Ron Richards

DEPOT SHIP GIVES OUR RON "GREATEST WELCOME EVER"

AN ardent reader of America's first lady's daily column, "MY Day," I can't help feeling in view of "My Daze" during and after a recent visit to a submarine depot ship, that until a columnist has survived such a trip he or she has no professional right to that title.

It surely is the testing point in any journalistic career; just everything happens to a reporter on these excursions; this was no exception.

Pockets full of permits and passes that everyone disregards, a heart full of enthusiasm and eagerness to meet some submariners (which, by the way, is quite a novel occasion, especially if the reporter happens to work for a submarine newspaper), and doubts as to whether or not they will talk to you, are just part of one's equipment. On arrival, all these ingredients in the visitor's make-up are shaken together, pickled, and if the creature survives, he has a story.

It was a northern depot I visited; Chaplain Worrall met me and took me around.

BUT wait a moment—I met A.B. Still first of all; that was the previous evening and we had both travelled from London and were chocker. We had two welcome pints and he told me he remembered a visit of mine to the Prince of Wales at Chatham. (If there's anyone from Thrasher or Trenchant listening in you might remember that night too!) Anyway, let's go back to the Bishop; he was friendly, like Chaplain Bulstrode of H.M.S.

Forth and did everything possible to help me—even to the extent of taking me to the various rating's messes. (a privilege previously denied me).

I had the pleasure of meeting his WREN wife, and he also took me to the canteens.

I cannot remember the names of all the men I met; in any case a number of them were barrack staunchions and wouldn't know about Good Morning, but almost everyone I met was helpful to the extreme and friendly to the state of embarrassment on my part.

I met some sportsmen and some seadogs, some trusty guys and some men of satyr. What a crowd; what a pleasure to drink elbow to elbow with! I wish the censor would permit mention of the names of the submariners I visited.

C.P.O. Geoffrey Coates showed me his collection of models—it was the finest I had seen; his uncanny knowledge of the history of each ship was amazing. I would liked to have spent more time in the workshops.

Also, there was a gentleman with two and a half rings on his cuff affectionately called "Granfer" who too, was charming.

ing, and tolerant of my ignorance.

And Leading Wren Bruce of the slop room was another great character. Mrs. Bruce could not be convinced the Chaplain and I were not scrounging when we visited her; but she was nevertheless, friendly.

By the way she sends greetings to the crew of the Unshaken. I wandered around town to meet some of the boys—I met them and we drank a gill or two and jazzed a while.

Wish I knew the names of the guys I met at the Empress—I recall A.B. Quinn and Leading Cook Smith and a Mr. Deeds who comes from Hammersmith, but the other names I missed. Thanks for that night anyway. Purely incidentally, isn't that place out of bounds?

I spent quite awhile wandering around the various boats that were visiting. Dropped in on one boat during make and mend and found the crew extremely chatty.

In the many sound criticisms of G.M. I found Old Tom King to be foremost. Tom was a great sportsman, he was in sub-



And here's Mark Christopher after the Christening



Chaplain Worrall

It's a queer World

It's tall, but true. Soldiers in West Africa have amused themselves by giving lighted cigarettes to the local frogs, who smoke them with apparent enjoyment.

The Grenadier Guards got their nickname, "Coal-heavers," from their once having had the privilege of working in plain clothes for hire in the coal trade.

It is an odd fact that the Italians have never held Malta, though it has been conquered by the Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Vandals, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French, Spanish, and British.

First London omnibus ran from the "Yorkshire Stingo" at Marylebone to the Bank, the fare being a shilling. It carried 22 passengers, all inside. William Morris, the English writer, suggested "folk-wain" as a more fitting name for the vehicle, but the name didn't catch on.

Non-stop air trips half-way round the world will be possible, it is claimed, with the use of a 100-plus octane spirit developed by Dr. Gustav Egloff, director of research for Universal Oil Products in America. Bombers could fly from America to Berlin and back. One thousand bombers on a 1,000-mile raid could carry 5,000,000 more pounds of bombs when powered by 100-plus octane than when using the best German fuel of 91 octane, it is said.

Known as "the Hannibal of Bohemia," John Ziska won most of his battles after he had become blind. The dispositions of the enemy would be told him, and he would plan his attack accordingly.

Fusel oil is a resultant of alcohol, the residue left after the separation of ordinary alcohol from the raw spirit by fermentation. It has a strong odour and a fiery taste, and has an injurious effect upon the brain.



THE STOKER'S WEDDING: Stoker Ronald Beatty carries his bride over the threshold after the wedding ceremony

than usual it was on account of a hectic evening in town. Also, I would like to give thanks for the scheme that might have worked out. It was a great gesture on your part, and I hope that one day it might materialise.

If I may be permitted to put in another personal word here, I would like to ask a red (headed) Lt. Mac who was also at the party where he got the idea I was a drunk?

A highlight of the trip was the wedding of Stoker Ronald Beatty of His Majesty's submarine Sportsman. Too bad I missed the warming up party. Must explain that I wasn't given the details of the wedding until about an hour before the scheduled time, which only gave me time to rush to the bride's home to meet the party on return from the ceremony.

I haven't much to say about the party because I remember very little. Seems Best Man Tom Trodden and Tom King, Robert Holmes and Ernie Walker had one to work off on me because they took great pains to see my glass was perpetually full. All I can say is that the bride and groom were happier than anyone I had seen before, and that both have moved into grand families. One more word though, and that is, thanks for a great time, and on behalf of G.M. staff, may you have everything that you wish yourselves, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty junior.

Other interesting incidents involved an officer who had written to me but had forgotten to post the letter. I opened the letter in the ward room and a laugh was had by all. As you will see from current papers, there is no need for us to supply that sawn off shot gun.

I was pleased to meet P.O. Telegraphist McBeth who sends his regards to P.O. Telegraphist Joe Lewis. I thought at the time I would like to meet them both together. It would have to be on my ground though.

Leading Seaman Gooding told me he had already had one story from his home town in G.M. but that he would like a photograph of his new born baby. That's being done. And tattooed tale teller, Stoker P.O. Goldsack amused me greatly with his numerous gong stories. About decorations that man from Deal has very strong convictions.

In all, I had a very good time up there, and got home in one piece.

Because I am indebted to him, and because I want him to invite me again, I must repeat my thanks to Chaplain Robert Worrall; his introductions and his ability to hitch lifts in lorries, Admiral's cars or ambulances from dock to dock were invaluable. His jokes, of which he has an inexhaustible store, were, I regret, not so good, however. Closing down, I have two more words... Thanks Gents!

Mark Christopher Cotton Davies, first son of Lt. and Mrs. G. A. Davies was the first baby I had seen christened on a submarine. The baby didn't cry during the very wet ceremony—that was unique too. Lt. West and the wife of another officer were godparents — Captain and Commander (S) were both present.

The font was the bell from H.M. Submarine Ursula but the ceremony took place on another boat, rather muddling that, but satirical, I am sure you will agree.

There was champagne and A.B. Harris to whom I slipped my glass after the second refill agreed it was excellent. There was a cocktail party afterwards.

By the way, I must take this opportunity of thanking Lt. Davies for his great kindness in introducing me to the family party at the Royal Hotel later that night.

I thoroughly enjoyed the party, and if I was dumber

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

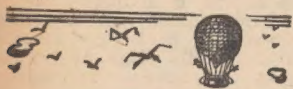
Neither Fall, nor Fail!

PREPARATIONS for the journey were begun in London; the Lyons manufacturers received a special order for the balloon silk, and the British Government put the transport ship, the *Resolute*, under Captain Pennet, at the doctor's disposition.

Then immediately a thousand congratulations broke out.

Considerable stakes were laid all over England, firstly, on the real or supposed existence of Dr. Fergusson; secondly, on the journey itself, as to whether it would or would not be attempted; thirdly, on whether it would or would not succeed; and fourthly, on the probability or improbability of Dr. Fergusson's return.

Sums as enormous as those staked on the Derby were risked. Believers, the incredulous, the learned or the ignorant, all had their eyes fixed on the doctor; he became the lion of the day, without having the least idea that he wore a mane.



He willingly gave all information about his expedition. He was easily approached, and the most natural man in the world. More than one bold adventurer presented himself who wished to partake of the glory and dangers of the enterprise; but the doctor refused them without giving reasons for his refusal.

Numerous inventors of mechanisms applicable to the direction of balloons came to propose their system. He would accept none.

When he was asked if he had discovered anything on that matter himself, he constantly refused all explanation, and occupied himself more actively then ever with preparations for his journey.

Dr. Fergusson had a friend

But though they possessed distinct qualities, aptitudes, and temperaments, Dick Kennedy and Samuel Fergusson were not the less united; on the contrary.

Dick Kennedy was a Scotchman in every acceptance of the term—frank, resolute, and obstinate. He lived in the little town of Leith, near Edinburgh. He was an indefatigable angler and sportsman; and was renowned for his skill in shooting.

The acquaintance of the two friends began in India, when they both belonged to the same regiment; whilst Dick hunted the tiger on elephant, Samuel hunted plants or insects; each was skilful in his way, and more than one plant became the doctor's prey, which had cost as much to win as a pair of ivory tusks.

Since their return to England, they had been separated by the doctor's distant expeditions; but on his return, Fergusson never failed to go, uninvited, and spend some weeks with his Scotch friend. Dick talked about the past, Samuel about the future; one looked forward, the other backward.

Kennedy advised Samuel to rest content, as he had done enough for science, and too much for human gratitude. To that advice the doctor said nothing; he remained pensive, occupied with secret calculations, passing his nights working at figures and making experiments with singular machines, which nobody could make anything of.

Some great thought was evidently fermenting in his brain.

"What can he be ruminating?" asked Kennedy of himself when his friend had left him to return to London in the month of January. He learnt what it was one morning in the Press.

"The madman, the fool!" cried he, "cross Africa in a balloon! That's what he has been meditating for two years, is it?"

The same evening Kennedy, half uneasy, half exasperated, took the train at the general railway station, and arrived the next morning in London. Three-quarters of an hour after, a cab deposited him at the door of the doctor's little house in Soho Square; he walked up the steps and gave five solid knocks. Fergusson opened the door himself.

"Dick?" said he, not looking very astonished.

"Dick himself!" answered Kennedy.

"Why, what brings you to London in the shooting season?"

"I came to prevent a mad act!"

"What mad act?"

"Is this article true?" asked Kennedy, holding out the newspaper.

"Oh, that's what you mean! Those papers are gossiping things. But sit down, old fellow."

"I won't sit down! Do you seriously mean to undertake that journey?"

"I have been very busy," said Samuel. "I've had a good deal to do! But I could not have gone without writing—"

"A great deal I care for that—"

FIVE WEEKS

IN A

BALLOON

By Jules Verne

Part II

vanquished. As to danger, who is free from it?

There was no answer possible, but that did not prevent Kennedy going over a long series of arguments, easy to imagine, but too long to report here.

"Well," he said, after an hour's discussion, "if you must positively get across Africa, why don't you try one of the ordinary routes?"



"Because I mean to take you with me."

The Scotchman made a jump that a chamois would not have been ashamed of.

"Do you want them to shut us both up in Bedlam?"

"I positively count upon you, Dick, and I chose you in preference to many others."

Kennedy still seemed stupefied.

"When you have listened to me for ten minutes," answered the doctor, quietly, "you will thank me for it."



— AND THIS IS PONGO PETTIGREW, DEAR! — SURELY YOU REMEMBER PONGO PETTIGREW, WITH THE WART? II "

The two friends sat down opposite each other at a little table, with a plate of sandwiches and an enormous teapot between them.

"My dear Samuel," said the sportsman, "your project is insane! There seems nothing serious or practicable in it."

"Why look at the danger and the obstacles of every sort?"

"Obstacles," answered Fergusson, seriously, "were made to be

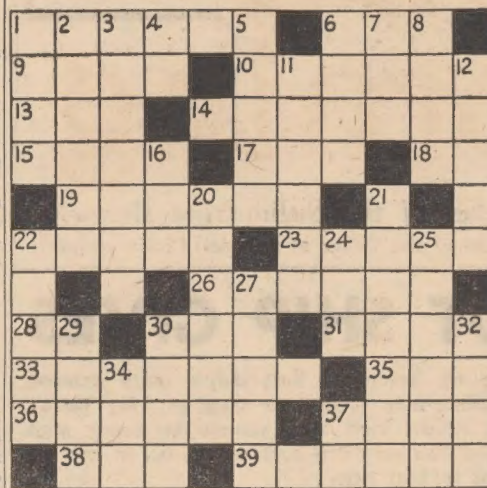
I to fear? I suppose you will allow that I've taken my precautions against the balloon falling? If it fail me, I shall find myself on the ground in the normal condition of other travellers; but my balloon will not fail me."

"But it may fail you."

"No; I do not mean to do without it till I get on to the west side of Africa. With it, everything is possible; with it,

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Big fish. 6 Spurt. 9 Companionless.



10 Beautiful women.
13 Wrath.
14 Green.
15 Tractable.
17 Method.
18 Thanks.
19 Convincing.
22 Wooden projection.
23 Musical instrument.
26 Bold.
28 Cry of surprise.
30 Murmur.
31 Harbour.
33 Withdrew.
35 Insect.
36 Demonstrated.
37 Holly.
38 Cricket score.
39 Loathe.

BASK COBALT
ALTER FOYER
COUGAR ERGO
HOP SOARS U
FIGHTS HAT
B DUE SLIM
AM IRK ARID
TALL NICETY
HOODWINK YE
ORB OTTER D
SIEVE ODES

CLUES DOWN.

1 Out in strips. 2 Boy's name. 3 Wind-flower. 4 About. 5 Exhibited. 6 Girl's name. 7 Space of time. 8 Colour variety. 11 Speaker. 12 Sully. 16 Self. 20 Last. 21 Mean. 22 Village. 24 Long tear. 25 Concur. 27 Correct. 29 Plant. 30 Busy place. 32 Wording. 34 Rattle. 37 Pronoun.

neither heat, nor torrents, nor tempests, nor the simoon, nor insalubrious climates, nor wild animals, nor men, are to be feared. If I am too warm, I mount; if I am cold, I descend. I can pass over mountains, precipices, rivers, and even dominate storms. I journey without fatigue, and stop without having need of rest. I soar over new cities. I fly with the rapidity of the storm, sometimes high in the air, sometimes at a hundred feet from the ground, and the map of Africa stretches itself out under my feet!"

Fergusson's enthusiasm began to gain Kennedy, and yet the spectacle evoked before his eyes made him giddy. He contemplated his friend with adoration, but with fear too. He already felt himself balanced in space.

"Then you have found the means of directing balloons?"

"Not at all; that is Utopian."

"Then you will go—"

"Where it please Providence, but certainly from east to west."

"How so?"

"Because I count upon taking advantage of the trade winds."

"And shall you be able to come down when you like?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"That is my secret, friend Dick. Have confidence, and let my motto be yours: 'Excelsior!'"

"Excelsior!" he it, replied the sportsman, who did not know one word of Latin.

But he was determined to oppose, by all means in his power, the departure of his friend. For the present he pretended to be convinced.

The Scotchman was really to be pitied; he could not contemplate the azure vault without sombre terror; when he slept, he felt giddy oscillations, and every night he felt himself fall from incommensurable heights.

During these horrible nightmares, he fell out of bed once or twice. He showed Fergusson a great bump he had received on the head.

"And yet," said he with melancholy, "it was only three feet, not more; and see what a bruise!"

The doctor was nowise moved.

"We shall not fall," he said.

"But suppose we do?"

"We shall not."

That was clear, and Kennedy had no answer to make,

(To be continued)

Day nurseries for the care of young children of working people originated in France.

Fifty years before the French Revolution, a Madagascar pirate named Misson put on his flag the inscription, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well, you must stop trying to pronounce Russian place-names. Can't keep on repairing your cracked dental plate, y'know!"

HEARD THESE . . .

A sailor wrote to his wife: "For Heaven's sake, don't send any more nagging letters while I am at sea. I want to find this blooming war in peace."

Don't play billiards with him! He thinks "In off the Red" is a Russian general!

Teacher: "Give me an example of a coincidence."

Bright Lad: "My mother and father were married on the same day."

QUIZ for today

1. A quetzal is a bird, Mexican coin, kind of antelope, Eskimo hut, Portuguese magistrate?

2. For what girls' names are the following "short"? Madge, Doll, Meg, Mal, Val.

3. What name is given to a box in which silk-worms are reared?

4. What is the difference between a quag and a quahog?

5. Does (a) indiarubber, (b) soap, sink or float in fresh water?

6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pyoid, Pyrate, Pyrene, Pyrite, Pyrope.

Answers to Quiz in No. 433

1. Kind of apple.
2. Franz Werfel.
3. Lord Kelvin (William Thomson).
4. Teak.
5. Billiards.
6. Stuccoon.

WANGLING WORDS—373.

1. Add nothing to BARN and get a title.

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Ginlin yerve codul a livers sha.

3. Mix GRAND, add OO, and get a soldier.

4. Find the two hidden pets in: Let the cat in, smack it ten times and creep upstairs.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 372

1. ENCroacheES.

2. Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!

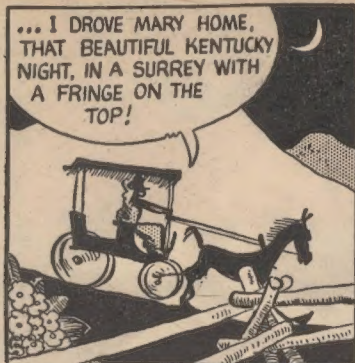
3. C-HED-D-AR.

4. Ari-is-s, Can't-or.

JANE



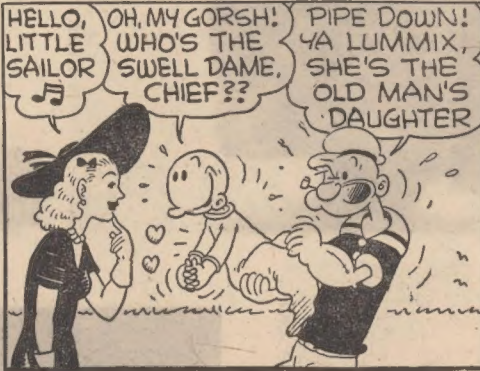
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



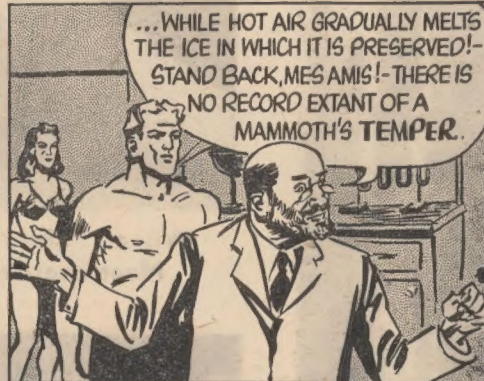
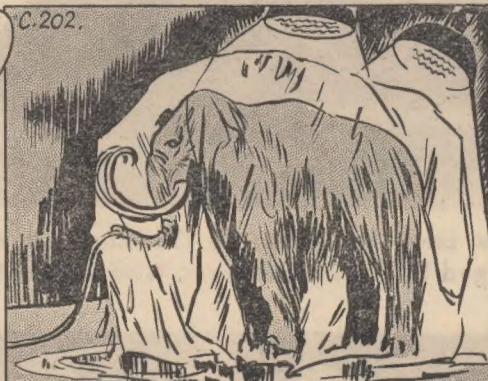
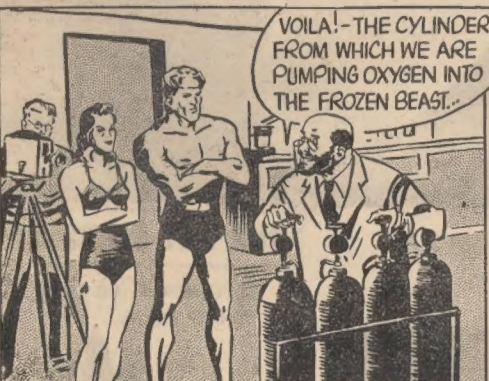
POPEYE



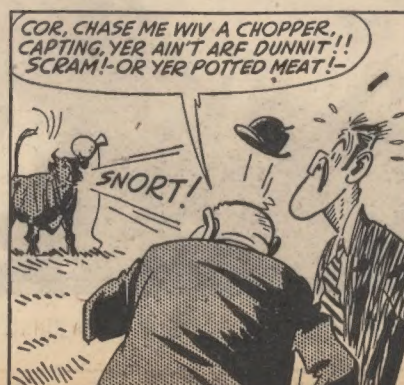
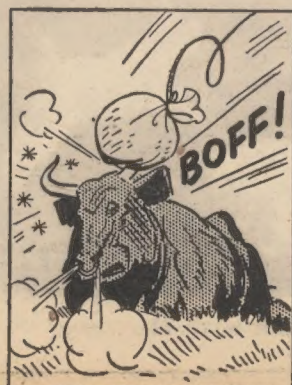
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

SIDE by side with "Good Morning" at a London Press Club exhibition were copies of the Service paper with the largest circulation—"Union Jack."

Although undoubtedly "Good Morning" goes to more places than any other Forces' paper—because you take it there—the circulation of "Union Jack" is much greater numerically.

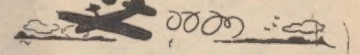
You have probably seen copies here and there. It has four pages, and looks like a cross between the "Daily Worker" and the "Hampshire Telegraph."

It supplies red-hot news from all the war zones, and is distributed daily and free to front-line troops, although base personnel pay two lire a copy.

Although "Union Jack" is up to the minute with war and home news, it remains matey and gives the intended impression that it's solely for British fighting forces. This is largely due to a brilliant daily column on everything and anybody by William Connor, who was Cassandra of the "Daily Mirror," and a radioed feature from London on things in general in the home country by Cyril James.

Throughout, such names as Alaric Jacob ("Daily Express" Moscow Correspondent), Peter Wilson ("Sunday Pictorial"), A. J. Cummings ("News Chronicle") and Nathaniel Gubbins ("Sunday Express") appear. The full-time staff consists solely of professional journalists now in uniform. Most front-rank London Pressmen who are still at home contribute features, commentaries, etc.

Jane, of course, is a highlight.



TYPIFYING the attitude of the editorial staff is an appeal that appears regularly: "You can shout your head off in the column—and we print your view whether we agree with it or not..."

Pictures are a strong point—their reproduction is not comparable with that of "Good Morning," which in Press circles is considered to be singularly excellent, but, bearing in mind that their presses are inferior and highly mobile on account of they stay as close as possible to the heels of the front-line troops, the whole thing is a magnificent job.



LOCAL authorities in East Anglia made investigations recently, after anonymous letters had been received alleging that certain cinemas were "rural death traps."

The architect's report on one cinema in a small market town stated that the exits were too few and too narrow, there were too few gangways, the fire-fighting equipment was inadequate, and the lighting was out of date. The whole place needed replanning and rebuilding.

Eight cinema owners were warned that they must comply with the regulations by a given date or their licences would not be renewed. One licence was withheld until alterations were carried out.

I can think of several London cinemas that might well be termed "Empire death traps."



SAW some cricket the other day, and the thing that amused me more than anything was the wicket-keeper's name. Ken Fiddling, they call him; his name is most inappropriate for any wicket-keeper, and, for one who will undoubtedly be a Yorkshire star when county sport resumes, it is a wow.

Fiddling has conceded only a couple of byes in the last 1,400 runs. He also happens to be a more than useful batsman. In his latest match he jumped for joy when he whipped off the bails of none other than George Duckworth, who could not conceal his amazement at the rapidity with which it was done.



I WONDERED the other day if the Navy had taken over Tower Bridge. A working party, dressed almost in "Purser's" issue, looked remarkably reminiscent of squads I had seen at a submarine depot dry-dock.

Seems, though, that Engineer Lieut. Comdr. John Buchanan, R.N., superintendent of the bridge since 1926, has a staff of sixty maintenance men, most of whom are ex-Naval ratings.

The bridge, by the way, celebrated its half-century mark recently. Had there not been a war coinciding with the birthday, a picturesque ceremony would have been enjoyed. As it was, apart from the toasts of the few who knew the date, the jubilee went unnoticed.

Ron Richards

**Good
Morning**

THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE

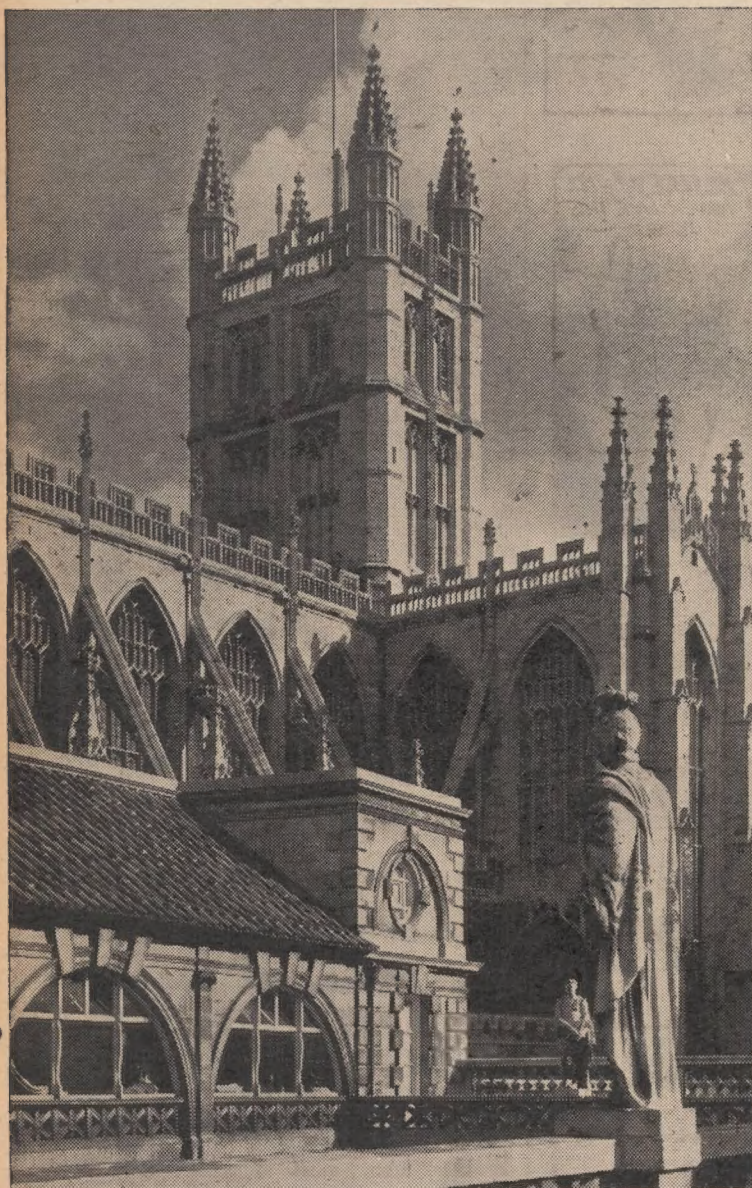
OUT FIRST BALL



"Shall I eat the food, or shall I eat the mice?"



Whoo! She's a lamb in leopard's clothing, all right!
Meet neat-legged Hollywood actress, Alexis Smith.



This England

Last to be built of England's great Perpendicular churches, Bath Abbey. Began in 1500, completed 16th century.



"Come along, babes, take your first walk with Mummy."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"How I wish they were mine."

